

THATCHERISM IN BRITISH POLITICS -

The advent of 'Thatcherism' into British Politics in many ways gives the impression of history repeating itself especially in the areas of legislation regarding Trade Unions, Law and Order, Schools and Housing.

Before the 1914/18 war the passing of the Trades Dispute Act of 1906 and the Osborne Judgement had allowed the Trade Unions to collect a political levy and absolved them from the prospect of legal prosecution. With the outbreak of war Lloyd George and Arthur Henderson of the Labour Party in consultation with the unions permitted dilution in industries thus giving the Labour Party and Trade Unions a powerful bargaining position. 1919/21 were the crucial years for the Government and the Trade Unions to test their respective powers. A Communist State had been set up in Russia having the support of the Trade Unions. There was a post-war boom and then a slump with soaring price rises. In 1919 there was a huge increase in strikes, including a Police strike in Liverpool in any one day in that year thousands of workers could be on strike. Lloyd George being aware of the danger when Lenin's Red army was advancing into Poland prepared to send arms to the Poles to help them. In May 1920 a ship the SS Jolly George being loaded with arms and ammunition was being prepared to sail to Poland but was stopped by the London dockers and Arthur Henderson the secretary of the Labour Party threatened to call out the whole industrial power of the country to prevent the sailing. When the Polish army defeated the Russian army at the battle of the Vistula the crisis was averted. This was the first attempt of the Labour Party and the Trade Unions to obstruct the Government by taking over the foreign policy of the country. On this issue and the miners actions regarding wages culminated in the forming of the Triple Alliance - Railwaymen, Miners and Transport Workers. Lloyd George's reply was the Emergency Powers Act, the country being divided into military regions and courts of Summary Jurisdiction were set up. the threat to Government democracy was averted when J. H. Thomas of the Railwaymen's union withdrew their support on 15th April 1921.

British coal was now too dear as the Rhur was producing cheap coal and the mine owners wanted to cut wages and increase working

working/

hours to make the coal industry competitive. The TUC objected and confrontation took place. Baldwin was put in charge of a Royal Commission The Samuel Commission and the miners wages were put up to their previous level with a £24 million grant of tax payers money. The Samuel Commission reported back stating that the miners take a small cut in wages and go back to an 8-hour day. This was rejected by the miners and on 1st May 1926 the Triple Alliance was once more called into action. All members of the Triple Alliance stopped work and nearly all other workers joined in with the exception of those responsible for public safety namely fire, police, hospitals and ambulances. In face of this Baldwin and his cabinet stood solidly against this threat to their idea of democracy, and nothing but a full return to work would satisfy them. Volunteer squads of all types were recruited including 130 000 Special Constables. Armed convoys carried food through the cities. The possibility of the strike not being legal was raised by Sir John Simon suggesting that the unions should be liable for damages. The strike collapsed but the miners stayed out until December 1926. The Trades Dispute Law- Act was made law in May 1927 making General Strikes illegal and a union member had to give a written statement to the fact that he was prepared to pay a political levy on top of his Union dues. This was a large loss of income to the Labour Party. Membership of the unions and Labour Party fell sharply and considerably. The Liberal governments of Ted Heath and Jim Callaghan were victims of the abuse of Trade Union power. The old TUC idea of a working class is now a thing of the past. Mortgages, cars and all the requirements of a modern home have to be provided for, and strikes no longer pay dividends. Thatcherism seems to follow the Lloyd George / Stanley Baldwin pattern. The trade Unions diminishing power can be gauged in the light of today's employment pattern, i.e. Small businesses with part time workers because small employers cannot afford to pay the big stamp and give workers five weeks holiday on full pay.

Women form the bulk of the workers in the huge Super Markets (mostly part time). The Government's recent announcement that the unemployed should take up work (having the dignity of being employed) and claim all the outstanding benefits they could claim from DHSS including a £20 grant to their employer for giving them a job. Coming under the heading 'How to be better off at work! Add to this the Youth Training Scheme and one can visualise the drastic drop in unemployment. Low wages perhaps, but the satisfaction and pride of being in work according to the Government would justify the means. When Mussolini came to power in Italy he cured Italy's unemployment by putting 9 million youths into military training and introducing small wages. The Italian people were quite content because all were in work. Hitler did the same by introducing Youth Labour Schemes and the German workers did not seem to mind working for wages slightly above unemployment benefit. Hitler also crushed the Trade Union Movements, jailing the leaders. The majority of German people seemed content to accept this cure for unemployment and as a stabilising factor it seemed to be a success. How far the Thatcher Directive 'How to be better off at work' will help in this country remains to be seen. As far as Housing goes this Government has a long way to go. A recent survey stated that thousands of houses were required at cheap rents to house the less well off. During Disraeli's term of premiership local Authorities were allowed and had the power to provide 'Council Houses'. During 1924 when Labour were in charge Wheatly with the assistance of the 'Addison Housing Act' made a real attempt to build Council houses and in the period of about ten years half-a-million were built. The School Boards were abolished in 1902 by Balfour's Education Act (P.M. 1902/05) and the Local Authorities took over presumably having a bigger source of income. The raising of the school leaving age to 14 gave children an incentive to stay on at school and eventually go to University. Scottish students due to the Carnegie Grant System fared better than their English counterparts because of the assistance given by this grant. The four Scottish Universities were well attended.

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Thatgherism in British Politics.
attended/

In the fields of Housing and Education Thatcherism does not appear to be working as well as her Conservative and Liberal predecessors. The abuse of Trade Union power pushed Thatcherism into the History Books as the longest serving Government this century. The Trade Unions inevitably will have to come to terms and take a good long look at what the future must be for them if they are to survive as a credible force in British Politics.

John S. Hunter

WHERE HAS THE VILLAGE GONE?

~~It was~~ "Ponfeigh for Douglas Water" that was the cry of the Station Master or Porter as the train stopped at the village of Douglas Water. It was a popular line that ran from Lanark to Ayr before the days of Beeching. A mining village in every sense of the word. In the beginning there were no inside toilets or baths and the facilities existing were a combination of the two. At one side the dry closet and at the other side the midden for refuse. Abundance of coal fires made abundance of ashes a good mixture for a reasonable refuse collected by carts. It also made for a debatable point when we as boys played football in the area (mostly a rag or paper ball). The one who kicked the ball into the middens got the job of retrieving it. Probably one of the first built-in resistance remedies against polio and associated diseases. Good thing the village burn was handy. The miners' rows were the centre of all activities. Washings were hung out, games were played from skipping ropes to rounders and football. Quite a few grannies sat with their small jaw-warmer clay pipes smoking the Co-operative 'Thick Black' tobacco. There were many football players who made the top grade in football. The two most prominent were probably Peter (Brusher) Nellis who was a member of the Heart's team that walked off the field in a body and joined up in the fourteen-eighteen war and the other Willie Cringan of Glasgow Celtic capped many times for Scotland. These were the days of physical football and hard legs were required; miners working in six-inch seams tended to develop the type of physique required for the 'double block and hinch-kick' shoulder charge and general mayhem of the game then prevailing. At that time there was the Socialist Sunday School Football team, The Juvenile Team (Douglas Water Primrose) and the Junior Team Douglas Water Thistle. At that time there were three Sunday Schools: The United Free Church, The Parish Church and the Socialist Sunday School. Every year they had their own Kinderspiels, Picnic Outings and Christmas Parties. The CO-operative was the supermarket in those days (the one and only complete purveyor to the village) having their own bakery, butcher shop and general store. The coming of modernisation and electricity into the homes made the transition from the paraffin era complete.

complete/
Where has the village gone? 2

The Co-operative Gala Day was the high-light of the year. A parade round the village by the school children, walking in pairs, each with their own special friend, the tinny hanging round the neck and led by Douglas Colliery Silver Band (a one-time winner of the Scottish Championship) and the Village Pipe Band. There were many winners in the solo classes. This was the Annual Sports Day for the school. The village had its debating, choral, and library associations. There was only the miners' hall at that time. The Village celebrity was James C. Welsh, Miners' Poet and author of ~~the Underworld~~ "The Underworld" selling over 100,000 copies and hitting the stomachs more than the senses of the then reading public. James Welsh, M.P. for many years and a convert of Keir Hardie and a close associate of Bob Smillie ~~the~~ the greatest of miners' leaders. I have a Post card of a May Day crowning of a May Day queen ~~by~~ "Our BOB" being in the picture, 1921. (Where is Miss Bessie Paton of Muir Street School today). May Day and Lanark Lanimer Day were the two main events of the year, procession being the order of the day. The 1926 Strike was the most harrowing time of all. Soup Kitchens, English soldiers ^{guarding} the pits, disturbances with black-legs, special police and all the hassle that went into that soul-destroying exercise. The Co-operative had to carry the village in credit ~~to carry the~~ village through these grim times and after twelve months the cost had to be met. When the miners' leader that other Arthur ~~the~~ Arthur J. Cook held his great rally at the village of Forth the roads were black with walking miners coming from all over to listen to their leader. Worn out clothes and haggard faces were their lot but typically they support their elected leaders. Gone are the days of the moleskin trousers and washing bins and tubs. Now Social Security protect families of strikers and the miners (some of them) can now attend their strike rallies in cars. The Thirties' with their Means Test and no Social Help were in comparison to today's victims of recession really in destitute and poverty levels. To the politicians who try to make capital out of the present economic situation comparing it to the 1930's are out to make political capital out of circumstances of which they have no personal knowledge but are vote catching careerists.

careerists/

Where has the village gone? 3

Today's victims of circumstances ~~compared~~ in the poverty sector can in no way be compared to these of the 1930's in terms of real hardship where employed persons had to leave home so their parents could collect 'broo' money without a weekly wage (48 hours at 12/6)

being ~~be~~ included in the family income. Then as now the Government encouraged people to cheat to try and alleviate a harrowing system. On the whole it was an ideal village to live in. If one boy playing with his chums in the area between the miners' rows wanted a 'jeely piece' then all the boys got one. There were no locked doors in the village; crime was practically non-existent. All in the village were as one in presenting a united front to the establishment for simple and fundamental justice. Not only was the village renowned for its Football players, Member of Parliament, Powderhall sprinters, choirs and Dramatic Club but also its bonnie lassies. An ~~Extract~~ from the then 'Hamilton Advertiser' a must newspaper in every Lanarkshire home at that time it was as follows:

"Tucked away in the rocky fastness of a chain of hills and lying under the shadow of Tinto, the towering sentinel of the southern ~~upland~~ uplands of Lanarkshire, is a wee mining village which village has surely more bonnie lassies than has any other village of similar size in Scotland!.. William Queen. So ends a sags BUT

Today as usual the miners are in the news . . . Mick McGahey and ~~Arthur~~ Arthur Scargill. Anyone brought up in a mining village, perhaps not agreeing with their political views, can understand their complete dedication to the cause of the miners . . . the rank and file of Socialistic thinking which has been the backbone of the Labour Movement for decades cannot understand The Dennis Healy's and their ilk who destroyed the Last Government with the Winter Of Discontent and a rigid 5% when many firms whose workers had delivered in every ~~task~~ way the efforts asked of them and in some instances money sent to America that could have been used in this country, as incentives BUT because of Healy could not pay above his 5%, and the subsequent profits were sent back to the parent company and in many instances detracted from the lump sum on a retirement basis.

'Caterpillar' Waddington was one presumably.

basis/

Where has the village gone? *2*

The Labour Party today is carrying out the old Traditionists^{al} policy of disbanding or eliminating the propaganda side of the Socialist Movement. After all the Independent Labour Party was the political wing of the Labour Movement and it was pushed out of existence by the what would be called today the Right Wing. If Messrs James Maxton, ~~James Buchanan~~ Campbell Stephen. John McGovern, George Buchan^{or} and James ~~(?)~~ Carmichael were here today they would all be branded as militants and expelled. The abolishment^X of the House of Lords and Home Rule was always on the manifesto of the Labour Party until the vote-catching brigade came on the scene with a watered-down form of a capitalist socialism.

Jimmy Reid seems to be your only correspondent who understands the basic rules of Democratic Government, unfortunately except for the "Sit-in" exercise he has only been repeating the age old arguments of the early Socialists i.e., the WOBBLIES Independent Workers of the world, etc.

After the close of many of the pits in Lanarkshire a new and totally different image emerged. I have had it on reliable sources of information that the Junior Team Douglas Water Thistle ceased to exist because of lack of support. The new era concerned the shift of population and now the village sees buses going to Glasgow to support Rangers or Celtic, and the local Junior team no longer exists yet they had a good bank balance before going under.

The number of Labour minded people who now have no faith in the Labour Party is unbelievable . . . even the most fervent supporters say never again . . . a sad reflection on the efforts and sacrifices of many people who worked so hard for the Great Dream of a Labour Utopia to be at last betrayed by a semi-capitalist Labour Parliamentary régime.

John E. Hunter

As one of the village poets put it to song and verse

John E. Hunter
Put by your tinsel and your show
Ere yet we call out 'Quits'
You! God's great men go down below
And work YOUR bloody pits.
or
If Britain perish! Let her go
She bled and starved us at her will;
Out of her ruins we can know
No redder crimes our lives to fill.

In the aftermath of the jubilant celebrations of Australia's 200th Anniversary it might be well-worth recording some of the deportees who were not confined to the convict-criminal classes but were the forerunners of the great pipe-dream of a Utopian Socialist Society where poverty and slavery (child labour) were eliminated.

I refer to men like Thomas Muir, of Huntershill on the outskirts of Glasgow, and his fellow convicts transported to Botany Bay for their courageous stand for liberty and freedom. He was the leader of the Society of the Friends of the people and the charge was being a member of a subversive organisation though the aim of the Society was genuine 'FREEDOM'. They were dragged chained and ironed through the marshland wilderness of Hyde Park, Sydney to their destination, even at that time thought to be unfit for convicts. One of their main targets was oppressive landlords. In 1834, 14 years after the Wilson-Baird-Hardie hangings came 'The Tolpuddle Martyrs', six Dorset farm labourers, for administering an oath of loyalty to their Trade Union Movement, five were deported to Botany Bay and one to Tasmania (formerly Van Dieman's Land).

Robert Owen, the pioneer in his crusade for health and education and the taking of child labour out of the mills with the founding of his factory in New Lanark was a staunch supporter of the 'Tolpuddle Martyrs'. These were the days of the great visionaries of freedom and liberty. In 1793, Robert Burns was 34 years of age, the 'Chicago Martyrs' Albert Parsons and his friends were executed in 1887, Robert Owen died in 1858. Thomas Paine with Benjamin Franklin supported the Declaration of Independence. Thomas Paine was in jail in Paris 1793 writing his 'Age of Reason' and was 56 years of age.

James 'Purly' Wilson, the Strathaven weaver, executed in Glasgow, 1820 for demanding liberty and freedom ... his friends carried the old Strathaven Banner 'Scotland Free or Scotland a Desert?'. Wilson was a patriot. Two weavers, Andrew Hardie, a native of Glasgow 26 years of age and John Baird from the village of Condorrat aged 30 years were executed at Stirling for their stand for liberty and freedom. These were the forerunners of Kier Hardie and Robert Smillie, the staunch stalwarts and supporters of the great Socialist dream of a Trade Union Movement which was to change the face of society **A FAIR DAY'S WAGE FOR A FAIR DAY'S WORK.**

Alas! A pipe dream faded away in the tragic abuse of Trade Union power. This was amply illustrated in Barbara Castle's 'In place of Strife' and Ted Heath's 'Industrial Relations Act' both rejected by the Trade Unions, thereby laying the foundation for a Conservative take-over by a disillusioned electorate. The question for the Labour Party is 'Where do we go from here?' The Trade Unions and the Labour Party seem to be in total disarray. For Labour to gain any credence there will need to be more mellow Trade Union men in the mould of Gavin Laird and Jimmy Reid, both of these men have taken the need for moderation to heart. There is no need to convert the converted, it is the disillusioned and floating voter who must be persuaded to come to terms with the Labour Movement as visualised by the old Pioneers. Can Kinnoch retain the moderate vote and enhance a Labour revival? Abuse of Trade Union Power, strikes and disruptions to the ordinary citizens in their everyday life does not encourage them to vote Labour. Nowadays there are Tribunals, and Conciliation Panels to sort out and resolve disputes. Goodwill and tolerance on both sides would do much to encourage voters to support reasonable and tolerant legislation. This country does not appear to want a Militant Government be it Left-wing Militant or Right-wing Conservative. There seems to be a chance now for A Scottish Assembly to take up the vacuum of the Political Desert of Scotland and follow the example of the Civil Rights Movement of America, thereby rousing a patriotic desire for political recognition. Our inner cities, beaches, waterways and glens are in need of a major clean-up. 1 #

If seen through the eyes of a non-political member such as myself the term 'United Kingdom' seems to be a misnomer and a myth.

At least it does not matter what Government we have, we are not likely to see an extract such as this appearing in a United Kingdom newspaper. Extract from the WEEKLY DISPATCH, No. 1 London dated Sunday 27th September 1801. '19th September - 34 persons were sentenced to be transported' and '13 persons were sentenced to death' for stealing a piece of linen - value 39s. - a boy of 12 was sentenced to death. So we can say our law enforcement penalties are more humane today.

John E. Hunter

SUBURBAN ILLUMINATIONS

A Meeting Place

Venue: Something similar to the area around the surrounds of Paisley Road Toll New private houses, new public houses (such as the Gairdners Airms) the Talbot Centre for the unfortunates and the new Travitoria Restaurant at Paisley Road Toll.

It has been confirmed that a new huge leisure complex is going to be completed in the vacant ground at the side of the Kingston bridge. SO/ A very varied composmilitan type of individual are is going to frequent THE LOCAL venue. Around Byres Road could equally be a Venue.

Suggested Cast:

Nine Host and Publican Mr. A. L. Wright (no nonsense Alfie)

Anchor Man (Master of Ceremonies)

Archiebald (Baldy) Bell

Bogey (the hunchback so called after Humphry Bogart)
'A wee rub at my humph for luck' 10p.

Hamish ; Scottish Nationalist

Doddie ; Foil for Scottish Nationalist (typical Wallace the Bruce
misnomer)

Mrs A. Verage: Romantic and usual poetess

Joe: Her son nostalgic and sentimental.

Mr. and Mrs. Merryweather : patrons of the Opera.

Algernon: their son and a staunch supporter.

Andy: Agnostic and antagonist of high fallutin' repetoires.

Sean Cassidy: The commentator and sums up the virtues of the acts.

Katy ; The OAP

Susan; The Girl friend

Jocky : The boy friend.

Sam Keyes : Pianist (play it again Sam) ?

The various poems tacked together against each name could be spread over other episodes. Operatic and Piano pieces could be related to the individual's reaction.

The Meeting place was currently connected with the Garden Festival and is now a focus for Expensive and modern Housing: There is still a large working class? in the area.

It is a typical case of tha 'HAVES AND THE HAVE NOTS'

Situations arising and could be inserted into the script 1/
inside and outside the 'Meeting Place'.

i.e. 'Mimi your tiny hand is frozen' -

Andy : Agnostic 'Well take it out of the fridge.'

fridge/

h#

Comment: 'I can't be bothered with all those high-flautin tunes like Beethoven's eff'n melodies.

Doddie: Hey Hamish! did we no cuff the English at the battle Fodden?

So one night Doddie said to his wife 'Howabout going to the flicks tonight, Old Erol Flynn is winning the war.' so off they went when Doddie had a brainwave (storm) and said tae Maggie his wife when they came out of the pictures, 'How about a fish supper as in the old days' 'sure' said Maggie. Then Doddie said 'How about going back to our winchin' days , come on hen let's go into the back close.' so one thing led to another and the climax came and a Policeman walked into the close with flashlight and was h/ going to arrest them for indecent behaviour: but Doddie using his charm convinced the constable that no harm had been done. Away went the Bobby killing himself with laughter .

~~Similar tales are related in the same way~~

So on a nd so forth. . . such anecdotes are limitless.

Like the boy ^{who} kept his white mice in his sister's wardrobe and h# when she opened it the mice ran through the window. . . the story now is the building is now full of white and black mice.

white

Excuse Poor Type - Please

John E Hunter

Joe Come

Pavement Wardshe

Synthes
White Mre etc

MR JOHN E. HUNTER
320 MOSSPARK DRIVE
GLASGOW G52 1NP

Photo
Buy
Criminally

Mumination

Friendship's Way
Golder Fort
Cory Corner

Siva Song
Karat on Clock
Caledonia Club
It looks a little like
Sasa Scotland
Drinky Pub

Wee Joe the Driver
John Watson

Katy
Perhaps she will come
back again

Theresa

PERHAPS SHE WILL COME BACK AGAIN
or THE PLAYBOY'S A CONNER

Life for me was full of joy
I was just a happy carefree boy
But the future I just did not foresee
And Bang things started up for me

In the Hilton hotel I was at this party
And things for the Gig-boys were going hearty
With plenty of whisky, gin and Vodka
When I fell for this swinging bit called Olga

She took to me like a fish to water
I was the lamb led to the slaughter
Up in her room I was impressed
And then loo-lah we got undressed

The 'Hood' came in like a lousy freak
And round that room I began to streak
Pulled out his weapon in a flash
And round that room I began to dash

And there my lovely Olga stood
One hand on her crotch and one on her boob
One thing for sure I was not peeking
And out of the hotel room I went streaking

You've heard of the CIA and KGB
They've got this 'Hit-man' out for me
Thing never for me will be the same
Since I got mixed in the spy-ring game

The Hitman's got me for his mark
As out I run buff-naked stark
I've got to run I can't stand still
I'm on his list - the one to kill

The Hitman didn't come from Chicago
But a real cool cookie from the city of Glasgow
I knew it from his Glasgow slang
As the balls from his weapon went BANG BANG BANG

The drag game now it is my scene
I'm knocking around like a fairy queen
The Hitman still has a tail on me
I'm doing a ball in variety

If any of you boys are looking for nooky
Believe me fellas I'm not your cookie
My only aim is to stay out of sight
When the Hitman's looking for me day and night

If you're looking around for something new
Just watch out chappies what you do
If you fancy a bit of Kung-fu or Yoga
Steer clear of the big-boobed bang called Olga

I hope you've got the message loud and clear
I'm not a dame and I'm not a queer
I do a bit of stripping and a bit of jive
And my aim in life is to stay alive.

John E Hunter



A SAGA OF SCOTLAND
Declaration of Independence
Abroath 1320.

They declared Scotland's Independence
In the sea-town of Arbroath
With emotion and with reverence
'Twas there they took the oath

As long as 100 men from Scotland
In this declaration have their faith
By no outside or foreign hand
Will we be a free-less subjected wraith

It is not for glory or riches
Or honour that we fight
But we'll dig in among the ditches
For Liberty and Right

For there's no good man will e'er consent
To lose except with his life
The he aims declared with good intent
By the free-men at Arbroath

We did not seek to enlarge it
Or conquer other lands as well
Our independence we would not forfeit
Nor our birthright would we sell

Though our land is poor and remote
We will rule it as our own
The patriot's cry on the wind will float
Wherever the seed is sown

In Arbroath in 1320
Our fore-fathers took a stand
Though poor and lacking in plenty
They would die for their native land

Where e'er the Scots' Nation gathers
They won't be carried away by the fuss
What was good enough for our fore-fathers
We should be good enough for us

John E Hunter

John E Hunter

Declaration of Arbroath, 1320

'For as long as 100 men of us remain we shall never under any conditions submit to the domination of the English. It is not for glory, riches or honours that we fight but only for Liberty which no good man will consent to lose except with his life. Though our land is poor and remote we do not wish to enlarge it.'

THE TWILIGHT O' THE TWA

Tam

Oh Tam, we twa in the heaven's doot dwell
We maun just missed the fires in hell
The Guid Lord must hae done us well
To His ain glory
Or we widna be here to tell
This feckless story

Ye see doon there the warld below
Wee Jean ie jinkin' wi' her Joe
As arm in arm the winchers go
Their winding way
And nane tae tell them aye or no
The Pill's here tae stay

Oh, Tam, I was wondering just yestreen
These pawky lassies in their jeans
Wi' twa bumps there in sweaters seen
A wondrous sight
I guess ~~that~~ they're a' fair buxom queens
A man's delight

Ye still can hear those pious chants
~~'Doot lassies wearin' their hot pants~~
The pious never miss their cants
And skelp them a'
But Tam, I think I'd tak a chance
Tae steer them a'

But we're here, dear friend, richt up above
Nae mair tae ~~mak~~ a chance wi' love
We twa can see the peacefu' dove
We're well fenced in
Nae mair tae gie the girls a shove
In Mortal Sin

But Tam, Oh Tam, we had oor day
In barley fields and sheds o' hay
We twa were aye guid fur a play
We dina tell
And tae the Guid Lord let us pray
We're no in hell

Noo, Tam I think oor day is done
It's time tae meet the morning sun
Oor life long span has had its run - Let's fade away
And leave the Auld World tae its fun - AND JUDGEMENT DAY

John E Hunter

John E Hunter

Chas. Barmen
Who buggers Billy about?
Wee Joe the driver O!
Who stands there and sings and shouts
Wee Joe the driver O!
Come rain, come hail, come sleet or snpw
Who's forever on the go
Who disna ken what other folks know
Wee Joe the driver O!

Who sits there and sleeps on the chair
Wee Joe the driver O!
Disna gie a damn and hina a care
Wee Joe the driver O!
Billy tells him 'get the hell oot o' this'
But Joe he just goes for a piss
The last bus tonight he'll maybe miss
Wee Joe the driver O!

Who sits there - knocks back his drink
Wee Joe the driver O!
Who's got a drouth that wad fill a sink
Wee Joe the driver O!
Puts his haun in his pocket and buys a dram
And this he'll do for any man
Who'd mean and disna gie a damn
Wee Joe the driver O!

Who one night was left at the post
Wee Joe the driver O!
Said by God I've seen a gghost
Wee Joe the driver O!
The story that night he had tae tell
Wad hae driven Auld Nick right oot o' hell
And who's still alive and on the bell
Wee Joe the driver O!

Who sits there with his haun on his chin
Wee Joe the driver O!
The Viceroy at the corner you'll find him in
Wee Joe the driver O!
Some day I'm afraid I'll have to relate
Wee Joe'll be standing at the Pearly Gate
He'll hae a glass in his hand tae meet his fate
Wee Joe the Driver O!

Who's the crony we all will miss
Wee Joe the driver O!
When he goes to that land o' bliss
Wee Joe the driver O!
With the angels wings and a halo round his head
Wee Joe the driver will never be dead
He's the 'Best of Tartan' it will be said
For wee Joe the driver O!

Chas. Barmen

Jacky

FRIENDSHIP'S WAY

You'll hear the soft songs calling
In the wind a sighing sound
You'll feel the soft leaves falling
When your friends all gather round
To tell you how they feel for you
With memories of yester-year
With sweet memories of yester-year
And how the tender thoughts come through
With fond greetings so sincere

Now on your lovely Islay Isle
May all your dreams float free
And may your ever-ready smile
Be a welcoming sight to see
Little roamer, now on your way
To far off airts as well
Just let us hope - as well we may
What the good Lord may foretell

Our life-lines cast on water's deep
On the tide's soft ebb and flow
Let friendship - the tryeting hour still keep
As loved ones come and go
So loved one dear - a toast sincere
We hope that you'll do fine
We'll keep a smile - and shed no tear
'For auld lang syne'

John E Hunter

John E Hunter

Sally Ann Amy

L.P.

THE GOLDEN GIRL - SUSAN

Tune - 'WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE'

You are full of the joys of life, Susan
You spread light wherever you go
You're like a flower in a beautiful garden
Bring happiness to the loved ones you know
Long may the stars shine bright in your eyes, Susan
And your golden locks still blow free
For your face shows your youthful expression
As you swing through life with gaiety

So here's to the banner you carry, Susan
As you march with your friends in song
May your hearts all beat in unision
As your footsteps tramp blythely along
So go with God in your heart, Susan
May life for you be full of cheer
Because you're a gay and carefree maiden
And it's clear that your friends hold you dear

May a wrinkle never rest on your brow, Susan
Keep that twinkle warm in your eye
Think of your friends in this world with compassion
As you succour the weary going by
For you've faith and hope in your heart, Susan
You are steadfast, just, loyal and true
May your journey through life be a heaven
And the dreams that you wish may come true.

John E Hunter

John E Hunter

We wander here - We wander there . . .

If you take a trip to Egypt and sail right up the Nile
You may see a pretty maiden with a wisfful Arab smile
And the sands they will be rippling across the deserts wide
And the stars at night will twinkle across the Great Divide

Or you may sojourn in Thailand where the girls are always dancing
With Eastern smiles of promises, in fragrant air enchanting
Or way up there in China, with its ancient rambling wall
You may think of scented blossoms as exotic evenings fall

To sail down the Yellow river on a swift and bright sampan
To land among the willow trees and the patterns of Japan
Or take a flying aircraft and see the Southern Cross
The South Seas will be calling like a haunting albatross

And then across the Andes To the flowing Old Gulf streams
To sledge across the snowy wastes in Laplands home of dreams
Perhaps then you'll think of Scotland the land that you love best
Then the wanderlust will leave you when you come home to rest

But still you'll have your memories and think of the time it took
To read about those wonder worlds - in your ancient story book
For this was in the beginning of the Creator's mighty plan
He gave the world to woman - after he had created man.

John E. Hunter

John E Hunter

Toast—The Caledonia Club

Oh! Tam ye see thae men below
All boolers sitting in a row
They're waiting there and getting fou'
Tae drink a toast—tae me and you

'Tis a wondrous sight ye may have seen
When boolers meet there on the green
At times ye'll hear a canny crack
When bools run up towards the jack

They chase them here, they chase them there
They chase thae wee bools everywhere
Wi' 'touchers' wide yins—running short
And mind ye Tam—they ca' it sport

Nae gowf or fitba' teams for them
They a' support the boolin' men
Cantankerous, humorous—ye get them a'
Skirl up the pipes—gie them a blaw

Noo Tam my frien' here is the rub
When doon in the Caledonia Club
When they get fu'—their wives they see
They put the blame on you and me

John E Hunter

A Swan Song

A swan came sailing up the Clyde
And it was very merry
It swam along upon the tide
Because it couldn't take the ferry

It came right up to Govan pier
Looking bright and cheerful
It fancied just a pint o' beer
Would maybe get a skinful

The folks at Govan Cross looked on
And everyone was glad
They'd never seen such a cheerful swan
Nobody could be sad

Its twinkling eyes, its tuneful song
They came from near and far
The folks they followed it along
And came to ~~pub~~ Bar

It went right in—the bar stood still
Its drink was a pint of heavy
The crowd was amazed at this swan's skill
As it really sunk its bevvvy
Now ~~the barman~~ said "I think it's queer
The way you sink that whisky"
The swan knocked back its half and beer
And stood up rather briskly

It puffed away with might and main
And through the door it barged
"You'll not see me in here again
At the prices you have charged"

John E Hunter

Duncan and Betty

In the days of my youth, it was what I was taught
At the side of my dear mother's knee
The joys of life can be too dearly bought
If you forsake His teachings to thee

For when you are married as husband and wife
The bond is sealed between two
The rewards will be just what you make of your life
Remember our Lord's teaching to you

To you Betty dear, you have the first say
The men can go just where they will
The wedding belongs to the bride of the day
Her destiny in life to fulfill

As a child, as a maiden, you freely did run
Like sweet poetry floating on air
And Duncan is the good lad you fairly have won
May your union be blessed with a prayer

So Duncan and Betty, our wish is sincere
As you journey through life's winding road
You'll be kind to each other and not shed a tear
And put your trust in the arms of our Lord.

Jacky

It just takes a little spark
To set the heather on fire
To Tune 'Ho - ro my nut brown maiden'

Here comes the tartan army
Marching thro' the glen
With swords and claymores flying
Just to be free again

Now some Englishmen are frisky
And some o' them are queer
They put more tax on our whisky
Than they put upon their beer

This matter of devotion
They just don't give a damn
But a political revolution
Might just get out of hand

Down in the House of Commons
There were some ugly scenes
Their heads would have solved some problems
If cut off with the guillotines

To us Scots it's not the glory
But we want them to understand
That Scotland has written its story
In blood on the foreign land

We've been trying since 1707
To set our country free
In this year of 1977
A national upsurge there'll be

We have our Legal System
Laws in education as well
We are an established nation
and RIGHT on our side as well

To that inglorious political fraction
who think that they know best
The time will come for action
They've stirred up a hornet's nest

An Assembly here in Scotland
Was not too much to ask
To break up the United Kingdom
Would be a thankless task

If Separatism becomes a fact
Westminster must shoulder the blame
Let them think ahead - before they act
NOT make it a Party game.

John E Hunter
John E Hunter

GLASGOW KISS MARYHILL NOD
This was true

THE SAGA OF JOHNNY WATSON

OF
If you want to get ahead - use the Heid
Tune: Old Smokey?

Some you win - Some you lose

Better to have lost
than never tried.

There was a young boxer
From Auld Glesca Town
His name was John Watson
A boy of renown
Out in the burgh of Paisley
Down in the ice rink
A boxing bout happened
That made people think
The fans had all gathered
Good boxing to see
The event was the first ever
To be shown on TV

There were some rounds of good boxing

The spectators were glad
When suddenly in uproar
Some fans just went mad
It all happened with Johnny
Dancing round in the ring
When young Morell hit him
And he heard birdies sing
Now Johnny tried hard
To make his opponent miss
Did a wee Ali shuffle
Gave him the wee Glasgow kiss
The referee stepped in
Said this was not allowed
You could hardly hear him
For the shouts of the crowd

The Referee stopped Johnny
This was the message he said
He would be disqualified
If he kept using the head

Now Johnny got the message
He was all on his tod
As his opponent weaved in
He gave him the Maryhill nod
As the referee grabbed Johnny
The crowd heard him cry
For that kiss and that nod
You're disqualified
Now this battle with gloves on
It made history
It was the first boxing bout
To be shown on TV

Now our Johnny Watson
Became a celebrity
The first Glasgow lad
To use the 'Heid' on TV
If there's a moral to this story
Just all remember this
Be careful with the Maryhill Nod
Restrain that Glasgow Kiss.

Jacky Hunter

Jacky

KATY - THE PRIDE OF THE GROVE

When Katy was a carefree girl
She was as happy as could be
Would always give the lads a whirl
And sing and dance with glee

She wandered by the banks o' Clyde
And sailed wa' doon the water
With all her playmates by her side
They rocked the boat with laughter

She did good deeds where'er she went
Helped the weak to carry the load
Knew the young pup walked the pavement
The old dog walked the road

The old and young loved Katy
Though her hair is turning grey
She still looks young and pretty
And puts a stout heart to the brae

So don't forget the old folks
When they're toddling doon the street
Just lift your glass and hae a toast
To our Katy young and sweet

Remember the old are there to love
Katy sips in the Old Grove Bar
And when the call comes from up above
In the sky will shine a new star

If there is a moral to this story
And a message it can tell
You might cover yourself with glory
BUT you'll be old some day yersel.

John E. Hume

Jacky